WITH THE BOSTON ORCHESTRA

YSAYE, THE EMINENT VIOLINIST, RETURNS HERE.

His Playing of Bach's E Flat Concerto and Bruch's D Minor Concerto Arouses the Audience to Enthusiasm—Brahms's Third Symphony Beautifully Performed

The Boston Symphony Orchestra gave its second evening concert last night at Carnegie Hall. The audience was one of great size, and hundreds were turned away. The programme consisted of Brahms' symphony in F, No. 3; Bach's concerto in E flat for violin, orchestra and organ, Liszt's "The Sermon of St. Francis of Assisi to the Birds," Bruch's violin concerto and Berlioz's "King Lear" overture The soloist was Eugene Ysaye, who returned after an absence of six years.

The interest of the audience plainly enough centred in the violinist, whose reputation has got the start of the majestic world. There have been flarings and trumpetings enough to make any sensible person suspect that Mr. Ysaye was a mountebank instead of a serious artist, but it may be recorded this morning that he is still a great violinist and that red and yellow posters mean nothing.

Ysaye's technic was never perfect and it is not so now, but it is better than it was on many occasions when he was here before. His intonation still has its moments of incertitude. But in all else that goes to make a master he is most admirable. His bowing is superb, his style—barring a too generous use of the sliding finger—is elegant, and his temperament, rich and communicative, is controlled by a fine musical intelligence.

His performance of the Bach concerto opened the way for the discussion of more matters than would comport with the purpose of a morning newspaper review. Byron said that the road was a fine field for conjecture and snipe shooting. Bach is an equally fruitful field for conjecture and for the exchange of critical acerbities which come perilously nigh the shooting stage.

One authority argues that because Bach was not a writer for the stage but for the church, and because the spirit of dramatist utterance did not enter into instrumental music till after his day that his music should be played and sung with relentless adherence to temps and with only the most elementary dynamic nuances.

Another will tell you that the "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue" and the "St. Matthew Passion" are alone sufficient to prove that Bach was for yesterday, to-day and forever, that he is a modern of the moderns.

Both are right. It depends on the composition that is to be played or sung; that is all. What is the right style for some of the clavier fugues or organ sonatas, is not proper for some of the concerto and for the Passion music. Bach was as many-sided as a diamond. He was a universal genius. Sometimes he graved musical law upon tablets of stone; again he painted sublimest tragedies with his heart's blood upon the open page of human sympathy.

If Mr. Ysaye was able to find in the E flat concerto something more than beautiful patterns of sound, who shall censure him for it? Certainly he read the slow movement of the concerto not only with sound sentiment, but with sound musicianship, with not only tenderness but also breadth and dignity of style. His performance here made Bach sound alive and human instead of dead and scholastic.

Bach was and is alive and the humanity of his music grips every understanding to-day as firmly as it must have gripped those of a century and three-quarters ago. Mr. Ysaye's performance, suave and sonorous, clear and pointed in its treatment of the old-fashioned graces, manly and sincere in its feeling, moved the audience mightily. It is not often that Bach playing evokes such enthusiasm.

The Bruch concerto is not a field for conjecture. Mr. Ysaye played it with superb warmth, with deep introspection, and at the end with a brilliant burst of staccato bowing. This concerto is the less popular of Bruch's two, but it was mighty satisfying music as Mr. Ysaye played it.

The orchestra and Mr. Gericke were in happy mood. Their offering of the lovely Brahms symphony—a mine of melody and wisdom—was so beautiful that it was a cause for gratitude rather than mere approval. Just why the Felix Motti orchestration of the Liszt legend was performed can only be conjectured. It is a highly unimportant piano piece in its original form, and the transcription serves only to bring its nakedness into the glare of a brilliant atmosphere, where there is neither twiddling of fingers nor virtuoso worship.

UNION COLLEGE ENTHUSIASM.

President Raymond on the Best Side of Athletics—Alumni at Dinner.

Over one hundred Union College men, old and young—going back to the classes of the decade of 1840-50 and coming down to the new grist of the twentieth century—sat down to dinner in the Manhattan Hotel last evening. It was the regular annual dinner of the Alumni Association of New York and in point of attendance and enthusiasm it was one of the most successful that have been held.

The Hon. Frederick W. Seward presided, and at the platform table with him were Andrew V. V. Raymond, president of Union; Hon. Charles Emory Smith, Prof. Sidney G. Ashmore, Prof. William Wells, Prof. Joseph Stoller and the Hon. George F. Seward. A college quartet led in the singing of the old college songs in which everybody joined, those who graduated forty or more years ago with as much spirit and dash as the youngsters.

The first speaker of the evening was President Raymond. The toast to which he responded was "Alma Mater" and although it was not precisely a sensationally novel topic, President Raymond got out of it a speech which stirred everybody present to a high pitch of college enthusiasm. Among other things, President Raymond said:

"When a whole man enters college, the college enters him, gets hold of him, lives with him, becomes a part of him; so that ever after he feels that he is not true to himself unless he is true to his college; that when he honors his college he honors himself; that whatever honors his college lifts him a little higher.

"That is why the true college man is willing to make sacrifices for his alma mater. There is no mathematics about his devotion, no consciousness of a *quid pro quo*, any more than there is about his devotion to his mother, his wife or his country. It is the instinct of loyalty, the impulse of a spirit that has been touched and quickened by another spirit.

"We may deplore some things about college athletics, and surely there is large room for honest criticism, but the best word has not been said for athletics till attention has been called to the spirit fostered by them. Say what we may, it is a fine thing for a boy to be fired with ambition to do something for his college, an ambition that means long self-denial and the hardest kind of effort.

"The something that he wants to do may not be the worthiest thing he can do, but he does not realize that, and, after all, it is for his college, something for the larger life of which he is a part. That spirit, whether or not it is fostered by athletics, is the most real thing in college life to-day."

Charles Emory Smith spoke to the toast "The National Union;" the Hon. William S. Bennet, "Our Union;" Prof. James H. Stoller, "The Faculty;" William McElroy, "The College Spirit," and Andrew W. Gleason, "What Shall We Do with Him?"

550 Window Shade Makers on Strike.

The window shade makers who have been organized as a union in the American Federation of Labor went on strike yesterday for recognition of the union. About 500 men are affected, employed by about twenty firms.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The itinerant musicians have put winter clothes on their horns, flutes and other instruments. The prevalent style of cold weather togs is neither fitted nor semi-fitted, but is a cross between a mother hubbard and an automobile coat. The baglike garment is open at each end to let the wind go in and the music comes out. There are slits at the side through which the player puts his hands to clutch the instrument and wiggle the keys. The combination suit serves to keep the Teuton tootin' without suffering from frostbitten fingers. Incidentally, it gives a warm tone to "Die Wacht am Rhein" and other airs of the Fatherland.

"There's one of the sample hogs," said the salesgirl in the grocery department of one of the department stores. "It's a week or more since he's been here for a square meal. I guess he goes the round of the stores and this is our day. Know him? Do I know him? Well, say! He's a regular.

"There he goes; he's had clam bouillon and a salt wafer and a cereal and cream. He picks up a few salted almonds as he passes, and then he'll try two or three different kinds of sweet crackers and wind up with a cup of the easy made chocolate we're pushing or a brew of our specialty in tea. By the time he's made the rounds I guess he'll be solid till breakfast time. It's my belief he lives on the stores, and I only wonder what he does Sundays."

Olive Fremstad, the last of the *Kundrys*, has appeared in "Parsifal" in the most beautiful costume that any singer so far has worn in that rôle. Mme. Ternina had her dress for the second act designed by a famous London costumer. Mme. Nordica got her dress from Worth of Paris. Miss Fremstad's lovely combination of color and drapery came from no such costly designers. She selected herself in various parts of Europe last summer the materials from which the dress was made and handed them over to a costumer with explicit directions as to what the gown was to look like. The result has been a costume of surprising loveliness at a cost which the ordinary prima donna would pay for a single detail of her costume.

One of the sure signs of Christmas is the outbreak of book auctions in all parts of the city. Vacant stores are secured here and there and big stocks of showily bound and catchily illustrated works are carted in. The windows are filled up with these, the red flag is put out and the sale goes on day and night.

Thousands of such books are sold to persons who are fond of books, but don't know much about them. Uniform sets of standard authors go at 50 to 75 cents a volume—sometimes less, and huge quartos with numerous full page plates, fancy borders and moulded and gilt bindings fetch from a couple of dollars to five.

The books are occasionally remnants of editions which have not sold well, but usually they are of a vintage cooked up for this special market. The plates are reproductions of standard illustrations used in fine editions; the letter press is often from electrotype plates that have seen their best days and the bindings are cunning reproductions in cloth of specially designed covers that have outlived their proud morocco epoch.

At a recent song recital the soloist was so determined to safeguard the artistic effect that he allowed no sort of interruption between the numbers in each of several groups in which he divided his programme. Not even applause was tolerated. The doors leading to the floor of the hall were closed the moment the singer appeared on the stage, and as a result a couple of hundred persons lost the first half hour of each recital.

To catch something of the music all who could trooped up to the gallery stairs, to which there are no barriers. As the wait lengthened out, song after song, one woman after another succumbed to fatigue and seated herself on the steps. Invariably, a couple of minutes after sitting down, each woman would look uneasy and stand up. If she had an escort, a whispered word made him take off his overcoat, fold it into a cushion and lay it on the steps. Then the woman would sit down again.

Some women who had no escorts took off their own coats and sat on them. Women who had very fancy coats or wraps remained standing.

"Hard seat?" queried one of the escorts when the singer ended the group of songs.

"No," was the reply. "Cold."

The stairs are of polished marble.

DIDN'T FLEECE MRS. HOWLAND.

Man Who Had Her Dog and Tried to Get $75 Locked Up After a Fight.

Mrs. Clarence Howland of 319 West Twenty-third street and her seven-year-old daughter, Nourhalma, witnessed a fine set-to between Detectives Adams and Glennon of the West Twentieth street police station and a gang of men in the barroom of a hotel at Fortieth street and Seventh avenue yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Howland and her daughter were attempting to recover their King Charles spaniel which had been missing since Monday. The sleuths were on hand to prevent Mrs. Howland from being fleeced out of $75 and to capture a man who, they say, stole the animal.

The dog accompanied Mr. Howland when he went to buy a newspaper on Monday morning and disappeared mysteriously while he stood at the corner of Eighth avenue and Twenty-third street. It was a pet of the little girl, and the Howlands made an effort to get it back. They advertised in Tuesday's newspapers, and the next day a man called at the house and said he knew where the dog was.

He told Mrs. Howland that James Kenny, who lived at Ward's Hotel, Fortieth street and Seventh avenue, had the dog. Mrs. Howland went to see Kenny on Wednesday afternoon, and he demanded $75 for the animal. She didn't have the sum with her, and asked Kenny to let her see the dog so that she could be sure it was hers. Kenny refused. He insisted on getting $75 first.

Mrs. Howland went home and told her husband of her experience. He, in turn, notified Capt. Daly of the West Twentieth street police station. Detectives Adams and Glennon were sent with Mrs. Howland to the hotel yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Howland was supplied with seven ten dollar bills and one five dollar bill. All of these were marked. She entered the hotel with her daughter and handed the money to Kenny. The detectives waited outside for a signal, which came when little Nourhalma rushed to the sidewalk.

The detectives ran in just as Mrs. Howland had received the dog and Kenny was counting the money. The man recognized the detectives and put up a fight. Six other men in the place went to his assistance and the two policemen had a lively time. The detectives got the worst of the fight, but managed to hold on to their man. Kenny threw the money behind the bar when the detectives rushed in but the bills were recovered by Detective Adams.

Kenny was taken to the station and locked up charged with grand larceny. The dog and the money were returned to Mrs. Howland.

MORE TROUBLE FOR BELASCO.

Must Remodel Convention Hall in Washington Before Mrs. Carter Appears.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—David Belasco, being unable to secure a theatre here for presenting Mrs. Leslie Carter in her new play "Adrea," engaged Convention Hall, a huge structure, and was to convert it into a temporary playhouse by building a stage.

Now the Commissioners of the District of Columbia have stepped in and demanded that before a license for the hall is issued the building regulations regarding proscenium arches, fireproof curtains, scenery, &c., as applied to other theatres, be complied with.

Mr. Belasco has objected to the heavy additional expense that would be entailed, and there the matter stands.

DIDN'T FIT MRS. HOWARD GOULD.

Husband's Defence to Dressmakers' Suit for Price of 16 Creations.

Mrs. Katherine Clemmons Gould's husband, Howard Gould, is the defendant in a suit begun in the Supreme Court by Bertha Braud and Celine Le Royer, dressmakers at 12 East Thirty-second street, to recover $3,760 for dresses which they say Mrs. Gould ordered and agreed to pay for. There are sixteen items in the bill, five being for unfinished articles on which a reduction of $230 is allowed. Among the charges are $160 for a blue cloth jacket and skirt; $250 for a black taffeta and velvet supper dress, style of Paquin's, black point de Frazer lace; $420 for a "yellow radium silk embroidered dress, styles of beer yellow, embroidered with sheaves of wheat and silver galon, real appliqué lace, orchid pattern," and $435 for a black spangled and jet dress, Callot waist, real Irish lace, large design, spangles on dress.

According to the dressmakers, Mrs. Gould ordered the sixteen gowns on Oct. 4, and on Nov. 9 eleven of them were delivered to her at the St. Regis. Within a few days she ordered work stopped on the other five, and then, being unable to collect payment, the modistes allege, they determined to sue, and so instructed their attorney, Senator-elect Jacob Marks. They declare that Mrs. Gould's husband is liable, alleging that the gowns were necessary and suitable for a woman in her station of life.

Mr. Gould retained Abe Hummel yesterday to defend the suit, and instructed him that Mrs. Gould would not consent to accept or pay for the gowns because they did not fit her properly. Mrs. Gould says, according to Mr. Hummel, that the gowns were never fitted on her and she could not wear them.

"Mrs. Gould told me," said Mr. Hummel, "that she has never actually refused to pay for the gowns, because she was never presented with a bill. She does dispute the bill, however, because the gowns are not wearable. She is not afraid of public criticism, and will rather fight than pay. 'Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute,' is her motto, and she is actuated by a fellow feeling for other society women who have had the same complaint to make, but who would rather pay than face court notoriety."

Mr. Hummel will prepare an answer to the complaint in a few days setting forth Mrs. Gould's objections to the gowns and the bill.

HACKETTS TO PLAY TOGETHER.

Actor-Manager Has Bought "The Prayer of the Sword" for Himself and His Wife.

James K. Hackett and Mary Mannering, his wife, are to play together next season, according to an announcement made by the actor-manager yesterday. Mr. Hackett and his wife have not appeared in the same play since they were members of the old Lyceum company six years ago. When they go starring together it will be in "The Prayer of the Sword," a romance in blank verse which has been running at the Royal Adelphi Theatre in London since September.

Mr. Hackett secured the American rights to this play several days ago. He thinks it is the sort of a play in which both he and his wife will be immensely successful. Since he began to direct his own affairs he has been on the lookout for a play in which they could appear together. Several managers have been negotiating for "The Prayer of the Sword," but Hackett obtained it, along with the American rights of "The Walls of Jericho," another successful English play.

"The Prayer of the Sword" is a four act tragedy by James Bernard Fagan. The scenes are laid in Italy in the year 1500, and it affords opportunity for beautiful scenic effects and costumes.

Mrs. Hackett has not appeared on the stage this season. She recently gave birth to a daughter. She will not join her husband until her contract with Frank McKee expires. Mr. Hackett will devote the present season to "The Fortunes of the King," the play he is now presenting at the Lyric Theatre.

NO OTHER "GRANNY."

Mr. Frohman Will Not Permit Another Actress to Use Mrs. Gilbert's Play.

This letter was received yesterday at THE SUN office:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Cannot Charles Frohman be persuaded to change his mind regarding the permanent withdrawal of Clyde Fitch's play "Granny"? Thousands of the lamented Mrs. G. H. Gilbert's admirers who had planned to see the dear old lady in her last creation and are robbed of the opportunity through her regretted death would, in every city where the tour had been booked, undoubtedly greatly appreciate the chance to see Mr. Fitch's work, and while denied the pleasure of witnessing Mrs. Gilbert's charming impersonation of the title rôle, the same could very effectively be assumed, for instance, by that other esteemed veteran, Mrs. W. G. Jones, whose dignity of years, professional ability, personal worth and possession of Christain excellence have long been a matter of record. Before that cast is disintegrated and scattered, if Mr. Frohman could arrange to present Mrs. Jones in the late Mrs. Gilbert's part it is safe to venture the opinion that a large number of playgoers would be gratified and the outcome prove a business success. SCHENCK COOPER."

It seems that Mr. Frohman's mind is quite made up on this point.

"Mr. Frohman has disbanded the company appearing in 'Granny,'" his representative, Wills Hawkes, said yesterday. "He has put a number of the actors into his other companies. Clyde Fitch wrote 'Granny' for Mrs. Gilbert, and Mr. Frohman decided on her death that the play should never be used by anybody else."

THIS LITTLE GIRL VERY BAD.

SO BAD THAT KINGSLAND FOLK WANT HER OUT OF THE WAY.

She's Only Twelve, but She's Stabbed a Boy and Kept Married Men Busy Denying False Stories—"The Devil's in the Kid," Says Uncle Billy Byron, the Constable.

Ida Colby, a blue eyed, red cheeked little girl of twelve, has put the village of Kingsland, N. J., "on the blink," as one citizen expressed it. To look at Ida one would think that she is just the sort of child to have "Alice in Wonderland" adventures, and that coddling a yellow haired doll would be the most exciting thing in life for her, but Ida has stabbed a little boy, threatened to cut another and, Uncle Billy Byron, the constable, says, has circulated reports about the best citizens of the village that made their domestic relations decidedly uncomfortable until these slandered ones convinced their wives that the child was not telling the truth

This most peculiar child, whom Kingsland people want to get rid of as soon as possible, is as active and muscular as a boy of her age would be. She is sturdy, healthy and perfectly normal in appearance. When she plays baseball with the little boys of Kingsland she can swat the ball harder and further than any youngster in knickerbockers. When it comes to running bases and stealing second, Ida is a wonder. She is sure death on flies that come to the outfield and her batting average in the Kingsland Juvenile League is .447. When it comes to playing football Ida can boot the pigskin with certainty, and when she tackles she isn't afraid of rumpling her hair.

About a year ago Ida got into trouble at the village school. She tore pages out of her copy book, inked the primers of some of the other children and did things that brought upon her the wrath of Supt. Powell. For these things she was expelled. Afterward she got back. Then notes scrawled on school pad paper began to appear. They shocked the superintendent and Kingsland folks. Children to whom they were sent complained, and Ida was suspended.

After that, Kingsland people say, she told stories about married men in town which took some time to prove false and in the meantime the child's assertions had stirred the town up until it was a hornet's nest.

On top of these things came complaints from children Ida had associated with that she intended to stick little knives into them and to kill them if they did not do what she wanted them to do in playing with her.

Over a month ago nine-year-old Otto Beyer, the son of Mrs. Sophia Beyer, went to get some kindling wood for Mrs. E. M. Grimes. Ida's little brother got into a fuss with Otto and threw stones at him. He called for his capable sister, and Ida ran to his help. Mrs. Grimes says that Ida grabbed Otto, threw him down, punched him in the face and then stabbed him in the cheek with a knife.

Otto ran home screaming. His father and mother and Mrs. Grimes thought it was time something was done to suppress Ida. Mrs. Beyer made a complaint charging Ida with assault and on Tuesday, her twelfth birthday anniversary, Constable John Dunn of Hackensack arrested her and put her in the lockup. Then Mr. Grimes and others got Judge Cummings of Hackensack to bind Ida over to keep the peace. Wednesday she was released on $100 bail.

Mr. Grimes, Mr. Beyer and other Kingsland people who thought something ought to be done toward getting the child out of the town drew up a petition to the town Council and got it signed by a dozen citizens of the village. The petition recited that Ida was a menace to the peace of the community and asked the town Council to send her to a corrective institution. The village fathers deliberated over the petition and decided that it was not their place to take such action. They thought Ida's mother and father were the ones to put her in an institution. The Councilmen talked over Ida's case for two hours, but they couldn't see their way clear to do what the petition asked.

Now she has been ordered to appear before the Grand Jury and Kingsland people who are nervous while Ida is at large want the Grand Jury to order her sent to some institution. Her mother and father have been loyal to the girl and refuse to believe she has done the things she has been charged with. Yesterday Mrs. Colby said:

"Ida is a good girl, and the things said about her are all lies. Her father has had money difficulties with some of the men whose names were signed to that petition, and they are trying to get even by making trouble for Ida. Some of these people here think we are making too much money, and are stuck up because we are prosperous, and they are jealous of us."

Ida sat with folded hands and chastened spirit, but she was not averse to saying what she thought of some of the Kingsland people who told the town council that she was a menace to the community and an ever present source of danger.

"Just because I have more new dresses than some of the girls, why they try to run me down and tell lies about me. You can bet that I'm not afraid to take my own part, and because I have licked some of these smart kids, why their papas and mammas got sore."

Uncle Billy Byron, who has been truant officer and constable of Kingsland since the time the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, says Ida has given him more worry and trouble than all the other children of Kingsland put together.

"You wouldn't believe what a devil is in that kid," said Uncle Billy emphatically. "I have chased her until my legs were sore trying to get her to go to school. She's got a temper like a wildcat, and the children of Kingsland are afraid to cross her. But the worst of it is she has got an imagination that's dangerous. You wouldn't think the worry she has given to peaceable, respectable married men who wouldn't look at a woman they had no business to."

BASEBALL ANCIENTS DINE.

Also Hear an Awful Report of Games in Which Less Than 20 Runs Are Scored.

The Excelsior Club of Brooklyn had its fiftieth anniversary dinner at Delmonico's last night. Forty-eight of the cheerful survivors of the days when baseball was played with five bases and a ball as big as three of the modern kind, gathered around frugal old-fashioned Delmonico repast and condoled over the decadence of the national game. There were reports that occasionally in these days baseball games are played in which one side or the other scores less than 20 runs.

There was no speechmaking at the dinner; the members of the club, who are now as prominent in business and finance and the professions as they were in amateur baseball fifty years ago, contented themselves with a general session of jollification and reminiscence.

BUILDING STRIKE FIZZLING.

Only the Carpenters Left Out Now—Fight Has Cost Them $115,000.

The Empire Tile Setters' Union, the new organization of tile layers formed under the employers' arbitration agreement, will meet on Tuesday week to initiate the members of the old union who have returned to work under the agreement. With the exception of the carpenters many men from all the other locked out trades have now returned to work.

The reply of the employers to the District Council of the Brotherhood of Carpenters, refusing to confer with the Brotherhood about a settlement of the lockout, will be considered by the council next week. The Brotherhood has now spent $115,000 in the fight, and if it continues will receive financial support from its national organization.

ALBANY INAUGURATION PLANS.

Ceremony to Take Place on Jan. 2—Changes in Programme.

ALBANY, Dec. 8.—Secretary of State O'Brien, Adjutant-General Henry and State Superintendent of Public Buildings Hill held a conference to-day at which plans were outlined for the inauguration of Governor-elect Higgins in the Assembly Chamber on Monday, Jan. 2, shortly before noon.

The inaugural procession this year, instead of entering the Assembly Chamber at the rear of the platform on which the ceremonies are held, will march from the Executive chamber up the Senate staircase, through the main entrance of the Assembly Chamber and down the centre aisle to the platform.

Military organizations aggregating 1,600 men and including the Tenth Battalion and Troop B of Albany, the Second Battery of New York, the Second Regiment of infantry, composed of separate companies from Cohoes, Troy, Schenectady and neighboring places, the Forty-third Separate Company of Olean, and the Thirteenth Separate Company of Jamestown, have offered their services as escort to the new Governor on the march from the Executive Mansion to the Capitol.

In addition, the Unconditional, the Capital City and the Young Men's Republican clubs of this city have volunteered to march. Governor-elect Higgins and Gen. Henry will pick the organizations to appear.

The Executive Mansion is being prepared for its new occupants, the last of the Odell effects having been moved to Newburgh on Monday.

Mrs. Higgins inspected the mansion on Tuesday and made a number of suggestions. Mr. and Mrs. Higgins will take possession on Dec. 30. The Governor-elect will swear in before the Secretary of State on Saturday, Dec. 31.

DOCTOR MAY HEAD BELLEVUE.

More Pay for Assistant Superintendent Rickard Voted by the Trustees.

Although no decision has been made by the Civil Service Commissioners as to the nature of the examination which is to be held for superintendent of Bellevue Hospital, it was learned yesterday that the trustees of the hospital have taken a step which may do away with the friction concerning Assistant Superintendent Rickard. The commission desired to hold merely a promotion examination, which, it was believed, would have given the vacancy to Mr. Rickard. The trustees want a medical man to fill the place. To have a medical paper in the examination would effectually put Mr. Rickard, who is not a physician, out of the running.

It was learned yesterday that the trustees at a meeting on Wednesday decided to recommend the increase of Mr. Rickard's salary from $2,500 to $3,500. As a result he may not apply for a promotion examination, and the way will be open accordingly for a test which will be open only to medical men.

SUICIDE IN INSANE HOSPITAL.

Inmate of Flatbush Asylum Cuts His Throat With Carving Knife.

Herman Allerman, 54 years old, an inmate of the Long Island State Hospital for the Insane, at Flatbush, committed suicide on Wednesday by cutting his throat with a carving knife. He had been an inmate for many years and was considered harmless. Because of his docile manner he was allowed to wander around the building at will. He was in the attendants' room during the dinner hour, and when the meal was over remained.

One of the nurses, a young woman, who had been left behind when the others went to their stations, was standing at a window in the dining room. Allerman took the carving knife from the table and cut his throat. The nurse turned when she heard his body fall and hurried to his side. The man died within a short time after being found. The nurse resigned yesterday morning, saying that the scene so affected her that she could not remain.

Too Much Shell Roast.

Bushels of oysters and clams were roasted in the storage shanty of Bob Peach, the Jeannette Park oysterman, which burned at the foot of Coenties slip last night. Bob has sold oysters and clams at the same spot for forty years. The firemen of Engine 32 in John street and Hook and Ladder Truck 15 saved some of the roasted bivalves from going to waste.